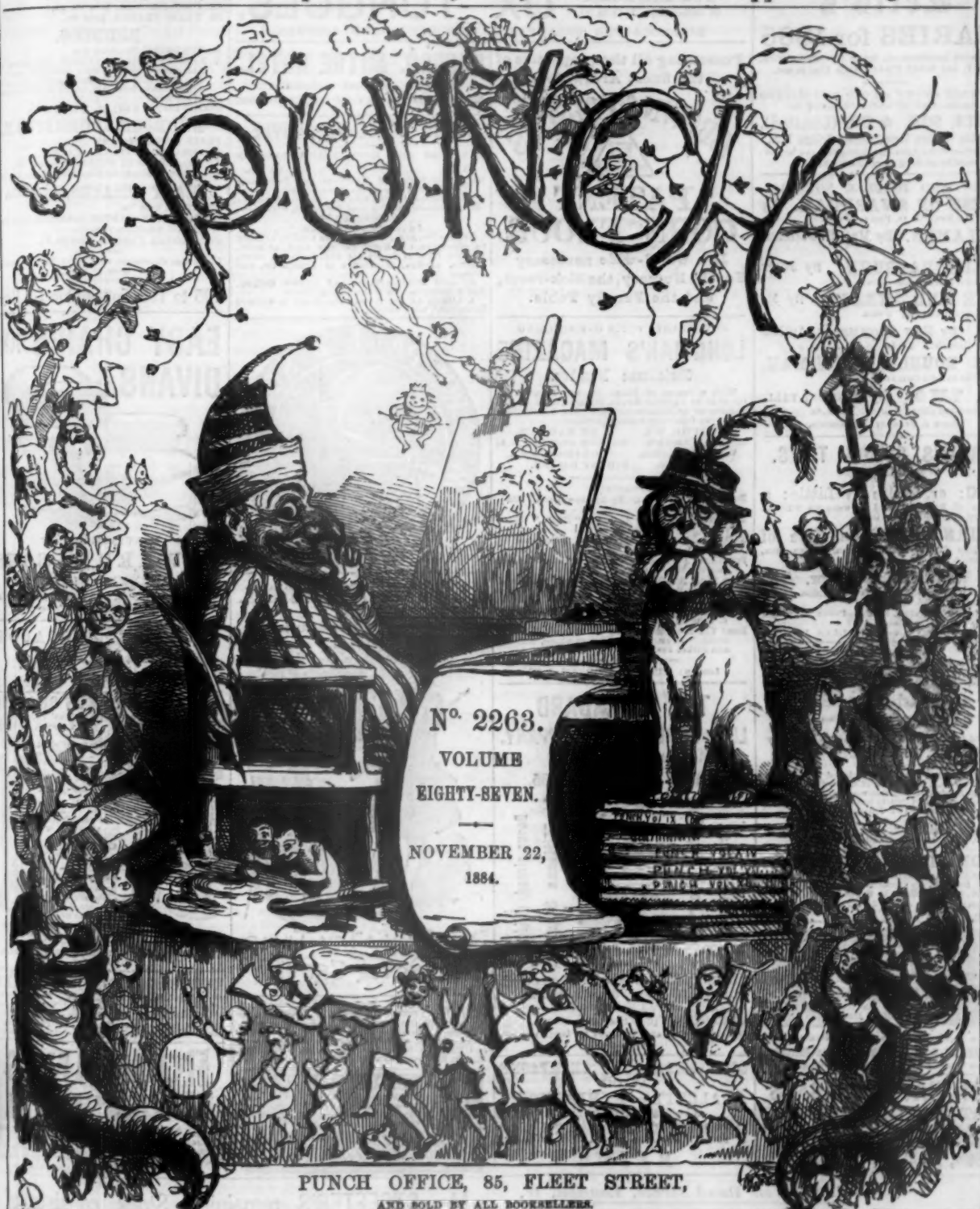


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## 'BRIGHT NIGHTS!'

(By the Author of "Hauled Forward," being *Boujones' Annual* for 1884.)

I AM a thief, a scoundrel, a ruffian! I have committed all sorts of crimes in thought, word, and deed! If you do not like me, throw away this story. I presume you have purchased it. Then whether you read it or not matters little, nothing to me—you are at liberty to take your choice!

I am a Medical Man. I had one patient—the mother of JOSEPHA—never mind the patient. But JOSEPHA—black, grand, glorious, the very ideal of the Fiery Equator. You should have seen her; or rather you should not,—for had you fallen in love with her, such is my passionate nature, yes, I should have stabbed you to the heart! I never knew the avocations of JOSEPHA's father. I believe he was "something in the Sunny South." Possibly "something musical"—maybe an Ethiopian Serenader. As for JOSEPHA's mother, she died (conveniently) under my hands. Then I asked JOSEPHA if she could be mine.

"I forgot to tell you I was married," she murmured, and, pointing to a handsome man who might have been either fifty or eighty, added, "Allow me to introduce you—Dr. EAST, Mr. PLOUGHMAN!"

Then I left her, and went raving howling mad in St. James's Street. As I passed a West End Club I saw Mr. PLOUGHMAN standing on the doorstep. I questioned my companion as to the identity of this mysterious person.

"Sir AUSTERLITZ FERNANDO," replied my keeper, soothingly.

As I wished the plot of this story to mature, I did not attempt to find her. After two years I was once more at large. During my retirement I found that I had been made heir to twenty million pounds. This rather pleased me than otherwise. I gave up my practice and decided on living in a cottage near a wood. If you are not interested up to now, why throw away this book and have done with it!

One night I was surprised by JOSEPHA. She came down the chimney, and stood before me with the soot falling from her garments. She told me how she had been deceived. She showed me a letter from Sir AUSTERLITZ. He had several other wives living, but from a feeling of innate chivalry, he was anxious to pay JOSEPHA a last visit with a view to presenting her with the sum of four-and-sixpence-halfpenny. He would thus secure for her affluence.

"You must not see him, oh my darling!" I replied. But before I could clasp the poor love in my arms, she had disappeared once more up the chimney. Oh! it was so sad and strange and weird! Why did I not follow her? Why, to give time for the murder, to be sure. And now, if you don't like my story, throw it away!

JOSEPHA was staying with a near relative of Sir AUSTERLITZ. I went to fetch her. She had gone to meet her husband and his treasure at the station. It was a glorious summer's night of such intense heat that the vegetation was growing visibly. I dawdled about, and then set out for the railway station.

Suddenly I came upon JOSEPHA. She was in evening dress, and held in her hand a dagger. I was a little startled to find her covered with blood! If you are not interested at this point, throw away this volume and have done with it once and for ever.

"The reward of tin!" she cried, and flew from me like a frightened doe.

When she had gone I looked for Sir AUSTERLITZ. He was stabbed to the heart. I uttered a low cry and threw away the dagger that I had wrested from JOSEPHA's hand. Then I pushed the Baronet respectfully into the ditch. Immediately the grass courteously grew over him, concealing him from view. And concealed from view he remained, until his presence was required later on in my story. Then I pursued JOSEPHA and caught her.

"Oh, you silly, stupid, fat, old disagreeable thing!" she exclaimed, querulously. She called me fat! She was therefore mad! As a doctor, I knew only one thing would save her. I poured down her throat five gallons of landanum. She protested, but they seemed to do her good. The next day she was all right. She had forgotten her unpleasant adventure! Excellent idea this—never done before!

"We must go away at once," I exclaimed. I explained that I had a bad feverish cold, which a long sojourn in foreign parts would cure. She was only half convinced.

"But who will go with us?" she asked at last.

"A nice old party that I have known for many years. She dotes upon me, and I dote upon her. But, to tell the truth, I have entirely forgotten her existence for more than a quarter of a century, and only remembered her two minutes ago. I am glad that I have thought of her, as at this crisis she may be useful." Need I say that I alluded to my mother?

Knowing that we must put Extradition Treaties behind us, I hurried my bride (after Sir AUSTERLITZ was dead, JOSEPHA found no difficulty in returning my love) and my maternal parent from place to place. Had the old lady had her way, we should have made short stoppages at Gravesend, Margate, Boulogne, and Paris. Possibly these little delays would have led to many pages of descriptive

padding. But no; we travelled on and on until we had reached the very limit of Cook's Excursion Ticket. The weary representative of that eminent firm refused to personally conduct us any further, so we stopped at Jericho.

One day—it was after I had written a hundred pages of my story, or so—JOSEPHA came to me. Her eyes were full of tears. She put into my hands a paper. It contained a paragraph telling us that GEORGE JONES was to be tried for the murder of Sir AUSTERLITZ!

There was but one thing to be done!—to bring on the climax by returning to England! So, in the dead of night we left our sleeping mother (for JOSEPHA was now my wife), and started for London. Even in our misery we could not help smiling at the idea of "poor Mamma" (as JOSEPHA called my maternal parent) having to pay our deserted bills! Then we flew through Spain, Portugal, Italy, Sweden, and other countries amply described (so I have found) in *Cornwall's Geography*. We got into Court. JOSEPHA was ready to declare herself the criminal, when—Joy! Delight! First-rate! Hurrah! Bravo! GEORGE JONES admitted that he was guilty! Yes, he had stabbed Sir AUSTERLITZ. A happy ending, after all!

"I must know why he did it," said JOSEPHA, firmly.

No sooner said than done. We had returned to Madrid. I put on the telephone between the capital of Spain and the condemned cell in Newgate, and then asked the required question.

"I stabbed Sir AUSTERLITZ to the heart," explained the trembling murderer, "actuated by the exigencies of fiction."

"The exigencies of fiction!" I repeated through the telephone.

"Do I hear aright, or am I mistaken?"

"Do not cut us off, please, Miss," cried the condemned felon to the young lady in charge of the wires, and then he continued, "Yes, Sir. Had I not murdered the Baronet, you could not have brought your story to a satisfactory conclusion."

It was true. I am no longer a wretch. I am married—a father—happy. I do not quite know what has become of my mother. I do not quite know, nor do I quite care. And now, if you don't like the title of *Bright Nights*, cease reading! You will not do for me! I have nothing more to say!

## A KEY TO THE DON'S.

It is well known that many of the representatives of "historical characters" literally figuring in the Show of the 10th instant, were "personal friends of the LORD MAYOR." Now that the pageant is over, it is no longer indiscreet to publish a list of some of their names. The following may be accepted as accurate—more or less:—

HISTORICAL CHARACTER.	FRIEND OF THE LORD MAYOR.
WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR . . .	Mr. GLADSTONE.
RICHARD CŒUR DE LION . . .	"Himself again"—in his son, HERBERT.
Lord Mayor WALWORTH . . .	Mr. NEWDEGATE (see below.)
WAT TYLER . . .	Mr. BRADLAUGH (see above.)
DICK WHITTINGTON (turning again) . . .	Lord R. CHURCHILL.
His Cat (suggested by the Right Hon. J. CHAMBERLAIN) . . .	Sir D. WOLFF.
Sir RICHARD WHITTINGTON (same person as DICK, but aged 84) . . .	Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOLE.
Mr. SANGER . . .	Mr. SANGER.
The Representative of Egypt-in-bonds . . .	Lord NORTHBROOK.
The British Navy (Small craft) . . .	Mr. W. H. SMITH.
Sir WALTER RALGIGH (whose highest aspirations ended in smoke) . . .	The Duke of CUMBERLAND.
The Founder of the Royal Exchange . . .	Prince VON BISMARCK.
The late LORD MAYOR . . .	ALDERMAN NOTTAGE (two hours behind time).
The Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR . . .	Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT.

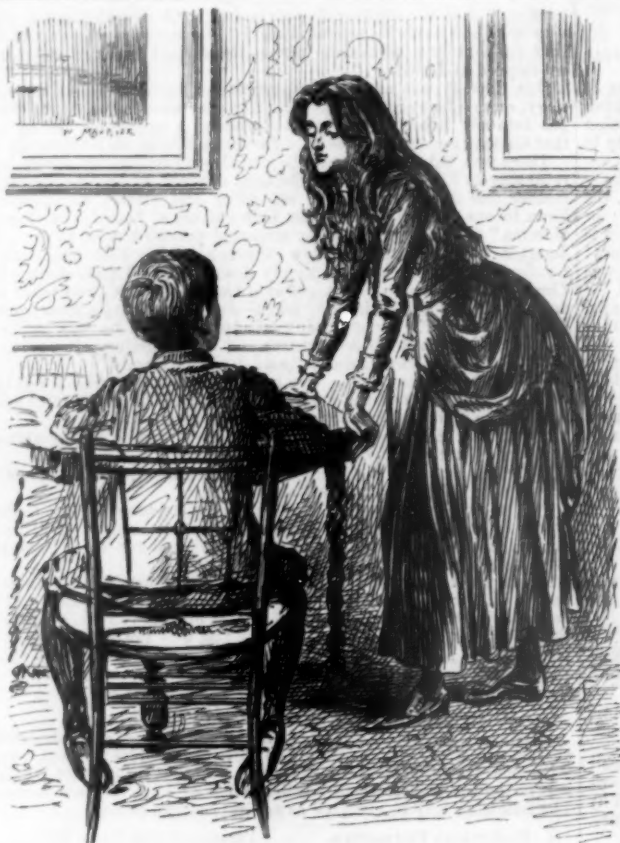
## "Dear Me!"

THE fashionable person who does High Art for the papers in the present quite-too-artistic age, makes the following remarkable statement:—

"The Duchess of EDINBURGH witnessed Miss ANDERSON's performance of *Juliet* at the Lyceum Theatre last evening."

Delightful day of Modesty! SHAKESPEARE, and the other characters, appear to have been cut out for the occasion, that Her Highness might "witness" Miss ANDERSON alone. She signed her name to the fact, we suppose, that being what "witnessing" means.

THE Divorce case which has been recently occupying the attention of the Civil Tribunal of Paris is spoken of as a *Caus célèbre*.



## ENGLISH-FRENCH.

"OH, I SAY, EFFIE, I'M WRITING TO ISIDORE DUBOIS—HE'S GONE BACK TO SCHOOL, YOU KNOW—AND I WANT TO ASK HIM IF HE'S HOME-SICK. WHAT'S THE FRENCH FOR HOME-SICKNESS?"

"OH, CALL IT *MAL DE MÈRE*—WITH AN 'E'!"

## ROBERT ON LORD MARE'S DAY.

WHAT a wonderfool thing is human Natur! speshally statesman's [human Natur, if it can be trewly called natur wen it's only all Hart, and mostly all rong. Take the werry last case in pint. Here we has a Statesman, a werry great Statesman too, much bigger than most Statesmen, and wot does he say he'll doo? Why only last April—not the fust as it ort to ha' ben—Sir WILLIAM WERDANT ARCOURT gets up on his legs in the Ouse of Commons and he says, says he, "as my rite onnabel frend oppersit will be the last LORD MARE of the City, I shall make him LORD MARE 'till the fust of May, 1885, and then we'll begin with a new lot, and without no Alderman, and no Bankwet, and no Sho!" Ah that was a crowel speech that was. Its effec on the jewnier aldermen as hadn't passed the orful chair was that depressing that they couldn't heat, nor they couldn't drink, nor they couldn't speak, in course I means arter dinner. Luckerly it was in Lent, so it wasn't quite so orful as it might a' been, but these random shots from guns as is loaded to the muzzell, is sport to him but Deth to hus! But now, arter the romansing of April, cums the realality of November, and the Prog-noeticashun of the Ome Secondary wanishes like the thin hair of fanny before the bald hed of truth.

So there wasn't to be no more Shos, wasn't there? I do beg as Sir WILLIAM will egrouse just one smile of pittyin contempt, and I do ope, as his most sewerest punishment, that he was compeld to gaze upon the werry grandist and werry noblist, and most hartistickest Sho of moddern Times, and to listen to the arty shouts of won of the best naturated mobs as I ever mixt with. No more Shos! why wot did a most respectabel but exsited Meat Market Porter, in all the sanguinary robes of his usefule perfeeshum, shout out, just as it past the New Fishy Market, "Why BILL," said he, to a frend, "if there's any Minister, or other well paid swell, who tries to ebollish Lord Mare's Shos," says he, "I'll make one to erbollish him, and all as tries to elp him! for it's about the one time wen anybuddy spends lots of money like a reel Gentleman, jest to emuse hundreds of thousands of pore chaps like us. I shoold like to kno when

any of the snearing swells, as stands a grinning in the shop winders, ewer spends a penny for sitch a good puppus." Ah them was words of wisdom, them was, sitch as Ome Sectarya, and others two, shoould lay to their cold Arts and inwardly digest.

Little the careless world knows of the anksietty of a new Lord Mare! I'm told as his Ludship had his Ludship's Berometer took into his Ludship's bedroom, and was herd a tapping at it amost all nite, but I don't bleeve quite all as I ears. But he needn't ha' been afraid. The morn broke, as BROWN said, like a young Dolfin! I never seed a young Dolfin brake, myself, nor, for the matter of that, I never seed no Dolfin, yung nor old, so I can't exactly say as it was trew, but I knows as it was a remarkabel fine un. BROWN is becum quite a Poet since he had his wages 'riz. I wish the Guy'nor wood try the same xperiment on me.

Being jest a leetle late, a werry rare thing with me on so sollem an coashun, I thort I wood make a short out—and it was a short cut, right slap into the werry thick of the mob! I shud dout if an hed Waiter was ever treated with less respee since hed Waiters was fust invented. I was pushed this way, then shuvd that, then dragged along here, then carried along there, till I amost giv myself up for lost. But, bless the mob, they was a true English mob arter all. A poor young woman cum along with a little child in her arms, and there was a cry of "A kid, a kid, make way for the kid!" and so they did, in spite of all the dredful serougung. An appy thort seized me, and jest as the pore woman with the little chap clasp in her loving arms, passed me, more dead nor alive, I follered her close, shouting out "Room for the baby!"—jest as if I were its other parient—witch of cours I warn't—and so we all three escaped in safety. I retched Guildhall in a dredful state of dishabill, but an At brush and a skane or too of black silk soon set my At and Coat all right again, and a good bumper of brandy and water set me all rite too, and I set about my purifeahnal dooties a wiser if a sadder man.

The Bankwet was, as such bankwets allers is, simply perfect, and is, perhaps, upon the hole, the finest site in creation. Let any poor chap of a Nobbleman or a M.P. who has never seen it, try and fancy the gorgeous effec of about 30 Tables all spread with lovely dinners, and, seated at 'em, all the grace and buty and wisdom of this grate country! Why the wildest emagination fales to realize it, and even my ard steel pen bends at the task.

The absense of the G.O.M. was regretted by sum, but not by me. I spose it's all rite to feast the would-be destroyer, so as to give him more strength to his elbow, but it's jest going a leetle too far for me, as wergung, praps, on the brink of imbersillyty. The LORD MARE looked nobel in his costly robes. He's a werry andsome man, BROWN says, quite the Saxon tipe, which of course made me think he was a printer, with he ain't, so BROWN doesn't know everythink.

The LADY MARESS looked splendid, and reminded us middling age Waiters of the Dutcheess of SUTHERLAN wen in her prime. Her attendant Sprites in their Kanary Sattin dresses was summet to dream about.

The speeches was mutch as usual, but we hadn't not no Greek, witch we all mist werry much. I dunno how it was, but us Waiters couldn't arldy hear a word. The gents clapped their ands and cried out Here! Here! but I don't bleeve as they herd more than us. I'm afraid as there is a good deal of epcorisy in human natur, speshally in dining human natur. But praps arter all it's only kurtesy. The gents as speaks can't make themselves herd, as they wants to do, and so the gents as liasens, pretends as they can ear wen they can't, which pleases the speakers and sends them home comferable. Its no wuss than grinning at Greek and larling at Latin wen you don't understand not neether. It's one of them little bits of gammon as keeps society's wheels oiled. Summut like "My dear Sur," and "yours werry trewly."

ROBERT.

BY ALL MEANS.—A CAPITAL letter from Mr. W. OLDHAM CHAMBERS, the Secretary of the National Fish Culture Association, appeared the other day in the Times. It pointed out the advantage of Farmers turning their attention to the making of ponds for the cultivation of the Carp, which in former times was so greatly esteemed as an article of food. Good! And let these enterprising Carp-culturalists take as their motto *Carpe diem*! Hoorsy!



QUEEN COAL, THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

"BEGONE, DULL CARE!"

The following appears in the *Standard* :—

A FIVE SHILLING PACKET of beautifully-assorted CHRISTMAS CARES will be sent, post free, for 1s. 3d. ; two packets for 2s. 3d.—Address, &c.

Have we not all enough Cares of our own without wishing to buy them? Especially at Christmas-time we have an extra quantity, which are generally known as Bills. We can clearly understand this enterprising advertiser wishing to get rid of all his Christmas Cares at one shilling and three pence the packet, but cannot so easily comprehend his finding eager purchasers. All we can say is we would gladly dispose of all our Cares—Christmas and otherwise—at the same price.

"FLOATING CAPITAL."—Laying out our money on the Improvement of the Navy.

Misnomer.

THE "Nile Expedition." Is that a fit name? Poor GORDON, expectant so long may well doubt it; And Britons must own, with a feeling of shame, There's not much "expedition" about it.

Per Mare et per Terras.

A FIFTH-FORM Boy, Master TOMMY MERTON, writes from Eton to say that he was present with Mr. BARLOW at the first night of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum, and that on hearing how everyone seemed quite surprised at the excellence of Mr. TERRISS as *Romeo*, he said at once to his learned companion, "I think, Sir, that Miss ANDERSON has a '*Rara Avis in Terriss*.' Mr. BARLOW had not heard this before. I had."

PRINE FORTE ET DURE.—Educational Over-pressure.



## ADVERTISEMENT PERVERSIONS.

(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Washing Wanted.



Left-Off Clothing.



Vacancy for One Pupil.



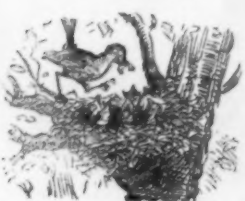
Board and Residence.



Unfurnished Flat.



Improver Wanted in the Dressmaking.



Branch Establishment.



Engagement Wanted, as Housekeeper. Highly recommended.



Smart Youth Wanted.



Mangling done on the Shortest Notice.

## DUNRAVEN.

(A November Night's Vision, after reading Edgar Poe and the Earl of Dunraven's Address on "Fair Trade," delivered by him, as President of the National Fair Trade League, at Sheffield, on November 12th, 1884.)

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered weak and weary  
Over many a dry and tedious tome of economic lore,  
Whilst I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a snapping  
As of some small terrier yapping, yapping at my study-door.  
'Tis old Ponto there, I muttered, yapping at my study-door,—  
Only that, and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was early in November  
When to Town the wearied Member came, and thought the thing a bore.

Eagerly I hoped the morrow SALISBURY some sense might borrow,  
And I thought with ceaseless sorrow of the streamside and the moor,  
Of the rare and radiant raptures of the streamside and the moor.  
Heather's sweep and trout-stream's roar.

Open then I flung the doorway, when, with blast as chill as Norway,  
In there stepped "Fair Trade" DUNRAVEN, solemn as a monk of yore;

Not the least apology made he, though I thought his manners "shady,"  
But, as stiff as TATE and BRADY, stood within my study-door,  
Underneath a bust of COBDEN just above my study-door,—  
Stood, and scowled, and nothing more.

Then this sombre guest, beguiling my tired spirit into smiling  
By the doctrinaire decorum of the countenance he wore,  
"Smugly trimmed and deftly shaven, though I trust I'm not a craven,

You have startled me, DUNRAVEN," said I, "yapping at my door.  
Tell me what your little game is, late at night at this my door?"  
Quoth DUNRAVEN, "Tax once more!"

Much I chuckled (though urbanely) him to hear talk so insanely,  
For his answer little wisdom, little relevancy bore;  
And one cannot help agreeing no sane living human being  
In "Fair Trade" salvation seeing, could come yapping at one's door,  
Snapping, late at night in winter, at a fellow's study-door,  
Just to bid him, "Tax once more!"

But DUNRAVEN, standing lonely under COBDEN's bust, spake only  
Those same words as though his creed in those few words he did outpour.

Nothing further then he uttered; calm he looked, and quite unfuttered.

Then unto myself I muttered, "Other fads have flown before;  
Very soon this fad will vanish, as Protection did before."  
Quoth DUNRAVEN, "Tax once more!"

Startled at the silence broken by reply so patly spoken,  
"Doubtless," said I, "what he utters is his only stock and store,—

Caught from some bad fiscal master, whom trade-loss or farm-disaster

Followed fast and followed faster, till his talk one burden bore—  
Till the dirges of his craft one economic burden bore,—  
Of 'Tax—tax Corn once more!"

"Prophet," said I, "of things evil, Trade is going to the devil,  
Is the plea of you and LOWTHER, CHAPLIN, many another bore.  
Sophists dull, yet all undaunted, do you think the thing that's wanted

By our land, depression-haunted,—tell me truly, I implore,—  
Is it, can it be Protection? Answer plainly, I implore!"  
Quoth DUNRAVEN, "Tax once more!"

"Prophet," said I, "of things evil, I don't wish to be uncivil,  
But, by heaven! this Fair Trade figment is becoming a big bore.  
Think you Corn with taxes laden means an economic Aiden  
For that somewhat ancient maiden who 'protected' was of yore,  
For that very ancient maiden, Agriculture?" With a roar  
Yelled DUNRAVEN, "Tax once more!"

"Then it's time that we were parting, Parroteer!" I cried,  
upstarting,  
"Get thee back to silly Sheffield, twaddle on St. Stephen's floor,  
I require no further token of the rot your League hath spoken,  
Fair Trade phalanx to be broken by experience sad and sore.  
Take thy BEAKER's words to heart, who said Protection's day was o'er!"

Quoth DUNRAVEN, "Tax once more!"

And DUNRAVEN, dolefuller waxing, still stands croaking of Corn-taxing,

Underneath the bust of COBDEN, just above my study-door,  
And his talk has all the seeming of a monomaniac's dreaming—  
Here I woke, and day was streaming through the lattice on the floor,  
And I hope that no such vision e'er again my ears will bore  
With the burden, "Tax once more!"

## Not in the Second Quarto. A.D. 1599.

Now that all sorts of games are being played with SHAKESPEARE, it  
is a matter of surprise that a rare chance was missed at the Lyceum  
revival the other day. When Old Capulet says:—

"Gentlemen, welcome! ladies that have their toes  
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you."

Here the Apothecary should have entered vaunting the virtues of  
Quisby's Corn Plaisters at one shilling and three half-pence the box.  
This would have given the chance of an entirely new reading and the  
occasion for a good paying advertisement. We are surprised this has  
been overlooked.

READY with the Christmas Annuals:—*Holiday Huncles*. By the  
Author of *Holiday Haunts*.

# HOW THE NAVY WAS RECONSTRUCTED.

(A Glimpse into Futurity.)

1885.

SCARE re-commences. Representative of enterprising evening paper hides himself all night in a cupboard in the Admiralty and publishes the result of his experience in a series of light and entertaining nine-column articles. Great Sensation in the Country. A well-known naval expert privately, by the aid of dissolving views and diagrams, explaining to the First Lord that if all the European powers combine suddenly to blow the entire Mercantile and Imperial Marine of the Country out of the water, his pay will probably cease within a fortnight, he promises "to see what can be done."

1887.

Agitation still on the increase. Great activity at Woolwich owing to several unexpected explosions in the Shell Department. Continued alarm about the undefended condition of the Spithead forts, that are described by an anonymous writer under the signature of "Splendide Mendax," as "manned merely by a couple of flag-staffs, a few sheep, and a clothes-line." The Admiralty reply by mounting in the course of the ensuing nineteen months one one-hundred-ton gun at Sheerness. The shot for the latter, however, on being delivered being found to be three inches too large every way for the chamber, the gun, together with its ammunition, and half its carriage is dispatched at uncertain intervals and in separate portions to several coaling stations in the Pacific, and the matter quietly drops.

1889.

A rumour abroad on the Stock Exchange that a French Fleet of 290 Ironclads, supported by 800 swift unarmoured cruisers, and a corresponding number of torpedo boats, with an ultimatum on board the Admiral's flag-ship, is fringing the whole horizon, from Land's End to Aberdeen. The Lord Mayor is seized at lunch, and called upon to dance the hornpipe on the balustrade of the Mansion House, which he does reluctantly, but amid indescribable enthusiasm. Riot in the House of Commons. The Junior Lord of the Admiralty, not having heard the news, on getting up, smilingly, to announce that the Naval Estimates for the current year "show a pleasing reduction of £43 4s. 4d.," is torn to pieces on the spot, amidst the waving of handkerchiefs from the Ladies' Gallery.

1891.

Terrible panic throughout the country, during which all the Members of the Government are sent to the Tower, the Board of Admiralty suppressed, and a new Opposition Ministry take office with the support of an overwhelming majority, after having pledged themselves to "keep emptying the Exchequer every half hour, if necessary, until the Naval supremacy of the Empire is restored."

Extraordinary efforts of the new "Nautical Dictatorial Department" to meet the crisis. Keels of 300 Ironclads ordered to be laid at once. On the PRIME MINISTER announcing that he is prepared to add 15s. 6d. on to the Income-tax, vote a loan of £200,000,000 for the purpose of purchasing 5,000 ready-made 300-ton guns, a torpedo fleet, all the unarmoured cruisers in the market, and quickly developing "the solid naval fighting strength of the nation by a wholesale and immediate recourse to the time-honoured press-gang," he is carried to Charing Cross and back in triumph. A stranger in the Reporters' Gallery standing on his seat during the progress of the Debate, and singing "Rule Britannia," while waving his hat upon a stick, is pronounced in order by the SPEAKER.

1893.

Portsmouth, Plymouth, Pembroke, Woolwich, Sheerness, and Wapping, suddenly blown up by their own internal defensive arrangements. The entire available Fleet of the country having run out of coal, and having in consequence been towed by hostile amateur cruisers into the Arctic Ocean and left there, the one English Ironclad deputed to protect the Channel, unexpectedly encountering five European Navies off Herne Bay, takes out a water-tight compartment, and goes down bottom upwards, the crew singing, "It's better than nothing at all." Conclusion of peace. The year ends gloomily.

1895.

Extraordinary Vote of Credit, amounting to £12,000,000, for naval expenditure, is asked for by the First Lord of the Admiralty. On his announcing to a crowded House that, having profited by past disasters, the Navy of the country is now really "reconstructed," and is able, as figures will show, to meet any combination of force that can be brought together, and that this priceless boon will cost the taxpayer, for the current year only, an extra threepence in the pound, he is seized by an angry and furious rabble who dash into the House, and, together with the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, lynched upon a double lamp-post in Palace Yard, amidst shouts of "Economy!" and indescribable enthusiasm.

# THE HUNTING SEASON.

(By Jorrocks Junior.)

THE season for Hunting I see has begun,  
So adieu for a time to my rod and my gun;

And ho! for the Fox, be he wild or in bag,

As I follow the chase on my high-mettled nag.

I call him high-mettled, but still I must state,

He hasn't a habit I always did hate,

He doesn't walk sideways, like some "gees" you meet,

Who go slantindicularly down the street.

He's steady and well broken in, for, of course,

I can't risk my life on an unbroken horse;

You might tie a torpedo or two on behind,  
And though they exploded that horse wouldn't mind.

My strong point is costume, and oft I confess  
I've admired my get-up in a sportsmanlike dress;

Though, but for the finish their lustre confers,  
I would much rather be, I declare, without spurs.

They look very well as to Cover you ride,  
But I can't keep the things from the animal's side;

And the mildest of "gees," I am telling no fibs,  
Will resent having liberties ta'en with his ribs.

Then hie to the Cover, the dogs are all there,  
And the horn of the hunter is heard on the air;

I've a horn of my own, which in secret I stow,  
For, oddly enough, they don't like me to blow.

We'll go round by that gate, my good Sir, if you please,  
I'm one of your sportamen who rides at his ease;

And I don't care to trouble my courser to jump,  
For whenever he does I fall off in a lump.

Then haste to the Meet! The Old Berkeley shall find,  
If I don't go precisely as fast as the wind,

If they'll give my Bucephalus time to take breath,  
We shall both of us, sometimes, be in at the death!

# QUIPS OF THE HOUR.

(By Our Own Diner-Out.)

HERE is a good thing I heard the other night at the Duke of G's.

The Russian Ambassador, whose powers of stinging repartee after dinner are proverbial, had been twitting the Foreign Secretary on the subject of the recent alarming revelations concerning the condition of the Navy, when his Lordship, a little nettled, replied in a somewhat off-hand manner that he supposed that some of Her Majesty's ships would, when required, be found "able to swim."

"Oh!" rejoined his unabashed interlocutor at once, with a meaning smile, "and that is the opinion of a Warden of the sink ports."

This too, *à propos* of the same question, isn't bad for the PREMIER. I was standing by him in the Lobby, when I heard the HOME SECRETARY, who at that moment happened to come up to him, say in his best manner, "Well, I'm sure, with Admiralty pothier, you must feel like the original WILLIAM, 'All in the Downs!'"

"All in the *Ups and Downs*," was the prompt rejoinder, as the PRIME MINISTER, with a pleasant twinkle of his eye, produced a copy of Lord NORTHBROOK's recent statement from his breast pocket.

The following is all I have in reference to foreign matters, but it will stand repetition.

At the Mansion House, the other night, Mr. MUNDELLA—who is nothing if not aggressive—was pushing one of the French military *Attachés* into a regular corner on the subject of M. FERRY's policy in Madagascar. There was a silence of a few minutes when the youthful Parisian wit all of a sudden briskly replied, "I suppose, Milord, you think we have, like to yourself, been guilty of *Horah-pressure*?" The Toastmaster, who heard this, went into fits.

"OUR BITTEREST FOX."—Mr. HERBERT GARDNER has just published his Amateur Pieces for the benefit of Amateur Actors. Quite so; but how about the Amateur Audiences?





## EARLY DOMESTIC TRIALS.

*Young Wife (in great trepidation—to her Brother).* "TOMMY, I'M GOING TO GIVE THE COOK WARNING. JUST LISTEN AT THIS CORNER, AND AS SOON AS YOU HEAR ME SAY, 'COOK, I GIVE YOU A MONTH'S WARNING FROM TO-DAY,' MIND YOU CALL ME, AND SAY I'M WANTED IMMEDIATELY!"

## "BILL" THE GIANT-KILLER.

*"Whoever dares this horn to blow  
Shall wreak the Giant's overthrow!"*

We all remember  
The words—the blast—*Jack's* jubilation.  
Are these quite void of application  
For those who'd bogie-scare a nation,  
This dusk November?

Well for the Statesmen who are able  
To take a hint from Nursery fable  
Occasionally.

Simple sagacity's large lore is  
Embodied in these old-world stories  
More than in rhetoric's golden glories,  
Or satire's sally.

Friend BLUNDERBORE—excuse the name!—  
There's something in the Giant's game  
To strength seductive.

Titans invited to a tussle  
Of bludgeon-wielding cut a bustle,  
But what's the issue when mere muscle  
To mind's obstructive?

To have a Giant's strength is glorious,  
Says SHAKESPEARE. BLUNDERBORE victorious,  
CORMORAN master,  
Shows bravely; but such strength to use  
Less like a Giant than—a goose,  
Such power absurdly to abuse.  
Portends disaster.

Your castle, BLUNDERBORE, is old  
And not impregnable. Your bold  
And fierce defiance

Is very gigantesque, of course;  
But if hard-pressed have you resource  
Beyond the brawn in whose brute force  
You place reliance?

"Castles," you know, "are sacked in war,"  
Truth only is "a fixed star"—

You know the song, Sir?—  
If Truth fight on the other side,  
Though ne'er so valiantly defied,  
She yet will burst your portals wide  
However strong, Sir!

And does she not? That mighty blast  
Sounds once again; you scorned the last.

This second thriller  
May shake the castle you so love.  
Come down! for should you fail to move,  
Your small assailant yet may prove  
True Giant-killer!

## Commencement of the Hunting Season.

For Houses for their families, by Members  
who are staying a few weeks *en garçon* in  
Town.

For Ideas, by Authors commissioned to con-  
struct the frameworks of Christmas Annuals.

For Excuses, by Husbands detained rather  
later than usual at the Club.

For Fresh Readings of SHAKESPEARE, by  
Actors who took vows five-and-twenty years  
ago.

And for the date of the publication of  
*Punch's Almanack*, by everyone.

## "K.G."—"Q.E.D."?

*Dr. Barlow.* Can you tell me, MERTON,  
what is the Order of the Garter?

*Merton.* Yes, Sir. It is considered the  
greatest honour that can be received in this  
world. It is usually bestowed upon the  
greatest and most powerful of Sovereigns,  
and the most eminent and respected of States-  
men. It is considered a fitting and triumph-  
ant ending to a long life devoted to furthering  
the noblest objects of humanity and the best  
interests of the Universe.

*Dr. Barlow.* Quite right; and now, SAND-  
FORD, can you give the name of a recipient  
of that honour?

*Sandford.* Yes, Sir. The Duke of BED-  
FORD.

*Dr. Barlow.* And can you, MERTON, say  
for what services he received it?

*Merton.* For being the proprietor of *Mud  
Salad Mar*—

*Dr. Barlow (severely).* Wrong, Sir. SAND-  
FORD, you will, I'm sure, know.

*Sandford (after a pause).* For putting gates  
across Sidmouth Street, Regent Square, King's  
Cross, &c., &c., and thereby obstructing the  
ratepayers, from whom he derives a great  
part of his income.

*Dr. Barlow.* Quite wrong, also.

*Sandford and Merton.* Then please tell us,  
as we know of nothing else.

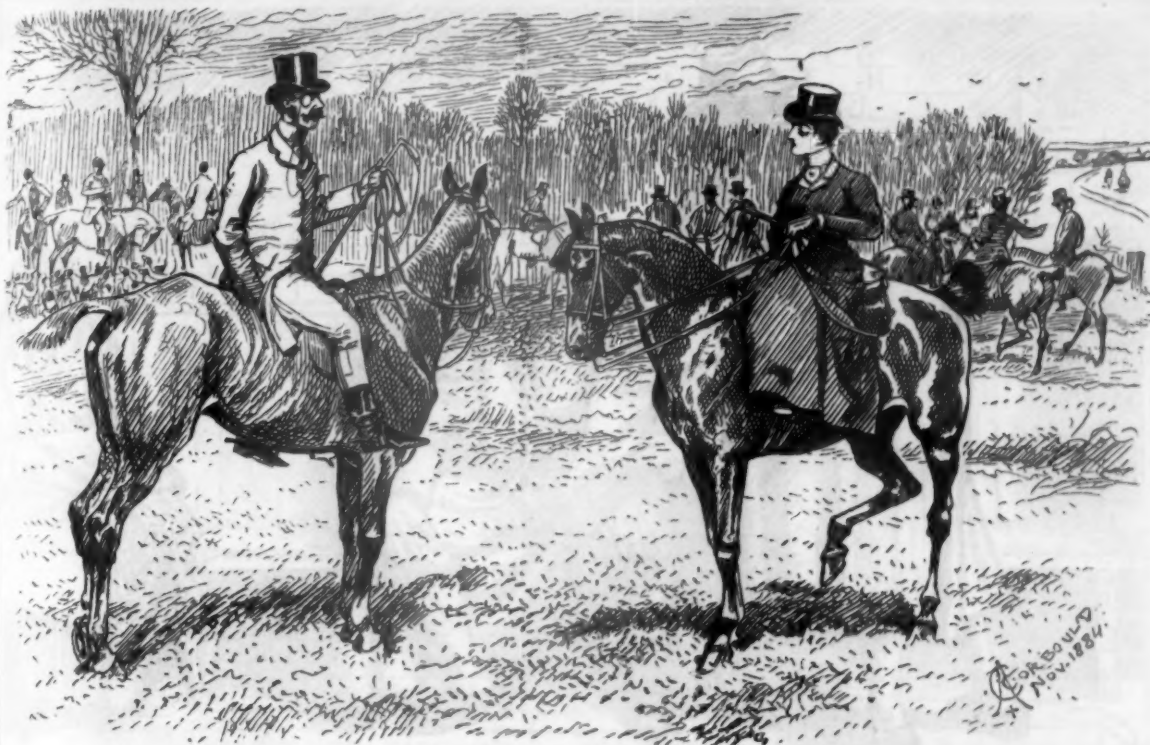
*Dr. Barlow.* It was because—because—  
I'm afraid my memory is failing—I forget—  
[All Three left thinking.]





“BILL” THE GIANT-KILLER.





## AT A MEET.

He. "YES; HE IS A FINE OLD BEAST; BUT—I THINK I MUST PART WITH HIM."

She. "WHAT! ALL AT ONCE, WHOLESALÉ! WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER TO SELL HIM RETAIL ON LITTLE SKEWERS!"

## A FEW HOME-TRUTHS.

In spite of all the progress now ascribed to modern culture  
The habits seem to be unchanged of tiger, serpent, vulture;  
The crocodile is what he was ten thousand years ago,  
And ever will continue to be thus, for all we know.  
The bulk of creatures animate still prey on one another;  
The rabbit eats her offspring up—the monkey bites his mother.  
Beneath the sun, it would appear, there's really nothing new;  
'Tis true—'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!

Nor have men's and women's characters or physical condition  
Suffered change to any great extent through Latter-Day tuition.  
Seeming passes for reality as freely as of yore,  
Clever vice looks down on stupid virtue, starving at its door.  
When ambition prompts to villainess, conscience shrinks into her shell,  
And infamy, allied to wealth, gets on extremely well.  
Of course, the many still are badly governed by the few:  
'Tis true—'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!

If taken as a specimen-result of "onward movement,"  
Our Parliament can scarcely claim to rank as an improvement.  
Twain Legislative bodies, bent on mutual frustration,  
Both demonstrate how *not* to do the business of the nation.  
And which, of evils two, may be the less is not so clear—  
The vulgar stupid demagogue or well-bred silly peer.  
We've got them both, however, and they stick to us like glue  
'Tis true—'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!

The "culture," too, of the aesthetes, with all its flaccid flams,  
Its turgid affectations and its silly, sickly shams,  
Is but as dross of Brummagem compared with virgin gold  
When matched against the vigorous realities of old.  
Our matrons and our girls "make up" with powder, bismuth, dye—  
Figures as well as frocks, obliging milliners supply—  
Alas! the fairest cheeks are stained with artificial hue:  
'Tis true—'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!

Is it well that Justice now should be a word, and nothing more,  
With a meaning for the rich, but none whatever for the poor—

A purchasable article, but only at a rate  
That makes it unattainable to those of lowly state?  
The Law, as now dispensed, is but a hollow, grim pretence  
For trading in injustice and defying common-sense.  
Who meddles with it, rich or poor, has ample cause to rue:  
'Tis true—'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!

Whilst humbug and mendacity unchallenged rule the roast,  
Our vaunted "moral progress" is a despicable boast;  
Society lies prone beneath the rhetorician's ban,  
And glibness 'tis that—even more than money—makes the man.  
The age is one of chatter, for the most part insincere;  
Mere phrases from the basis of a prosperous career.  
The talker gathers laurels that should be the thinker's due:  
'Tis true—'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!

## THE I. H. E. EXAMINATION PAPER.

(To be Answered after a month of calm reflection by those who visited the late Healtheries.)

1. Did any member of your family survive the Japanese dinner?
2. Do you consider sitting in the open air, listening to a great-coated military band in late October, at 9 P.M., conducive to health?
3. State the claims of Mr. SOMERS VINE to be a sanitary reformer.
4. How many of the Theatrical Managers enrolled their names on the preliminary List of Guarantors?
5. Given an Excursion Train, overcrowded with passengers, leaving Bristol at 5 A.M. for London, and returning to its point of departure at 2 A.M. the following morning, how many invalid travellers in it are likely to be restored to complete health by the journey?
6. Did you consider the Old London Street as a fearful example to be avoided, or a charming group of houses that might with advantage be erected at Upham Park Road, Bedford Park?
7. Do you think it likely that the aristocratic dwellers in the palatial residences surrounding the Horticultural Gardens are incommensurable at the close of the Exhibition?
8. What will you do with yourself—especially of an evening—until the opening of the Musical Inventories?





## THE VERDICT.

First Irishman (waiting in the Corridor—to his Friend, rushing in from the Court). "WHAT'S TIM GOT!"

Second Irishman (in a breathless whisper). "FOR LOIFE!"

First Irishman. "FOR LOIFE!" (With emotion.) "OCH SHURE, HE WON'T LIVE HALF THE THOIME!"

## A PLEA FOR THE SILENT SYSTEM.

In a recent leading article dealing with the apparent intention of the "Claimant" to utilise his liberty for the purpose of furthering his pretensions by means of platform agitation, the *Times* very properly observes that though, as a ticket-of-leave man, he may be acting within his rights, it is, nevertheless, "the duty of every rightminded person to do his best to discountenance all attempts to reususcitate a base fraud." This is undoubtedly sensible language. Yet, notwithstanding the sound advice it tenders to others, the *Times* stultifies itself. In another sheet of the same number that contains its homily, it furnishes a report *in extenso* of one of the very meetings it considers it a moral duty to discredit and condemn. And a few days later the same journal announces that "ARTHUR ORTON" has been engaged at a Music-hall, and "received with enthusiasm." All this is a mistake. It is, however, not one that is common to the *Times* alone, for there is scarcely a journal of any note that has not afforded the utmost publicity to the doings of the Claimant since his release, though it must have been obvious that by such a course they have been really "agitating" in his favour with a potency that does not merely double, but literally multiplies some ten thousand times the scanty means and forces that, but for them, would be at his own unaided disposal.

In these cheery and refined latter days of existence by advertisement, a column in a daily paper is as the very breath of public life. A meeting at Bermondsey or Wapping, attended by some hundred or so of peculiar enthusiasts, if unreported, is, though possibly a very pleasing, certainly a strictly private affair. But if half-a-dozen daily journals that boast that they command something like a couple of millions of readers between them, outvie each other in their undisguised efforts to give an accurate and graphic report of the proceedings, then does that meeting burst upon the interested world as a necessary social factor, and flourish on the very publicity thus accorded it—a publicity without which it would have unobtrusively collapsed in the self-same two hours and a half that saw it elect its Chairman and dissolve.

Unreadable trials, improper Police reports, and disgraceful social scandals all fall under the same category. If they were never thrust into print, they would neither surprise, wound, or shock anybody,—not even the sensitive sub-Editors who take such good care that they shall form an attractive feature in the current "Contents Bill."

Whereof the moral is this. If the irreproachable Press of the country feels any conscientious scruples as to the course pursued by the Claimant, let them discountenance his proceedings in the only proper and legitimate manner at their command. Let them say nothing whatever about him. In this way they will at least avoid laying themselves open to his threatened actions for libel; and though they may, in so doing, pander a little less than is considered business-like to the debasing and vulgar taste for purely personal scandal that is the accepted outcome of the times, they will certainly deserve the thanks of everyone who remembers all the circumstances of the Tichborne trial, not even perhaps, in the long run, excepting those of the energetic Claimant himself.

## SOME MORE BUSKIN LECTURES.

- I. "The Pains of Learning." Over-pressure in Board Schools.
- II. "The Pains of Faith." Backing the Bill of your Oldest Friend.
- III. "The Pains of Deed." Hearing a Will read in which you are not even mentioned.
- IV. "The Pains of Fancy." Belief in Womankind.
- V. "The Pains of Truth." The Candid Friend who says, "I told you so!"
- VI. "The Pains of Sense." Becoming the Buffer of all your quarrelsome friends.
- VII. "The Pains of Nonsense." Listening to a Political Argument.

NEW BOOK.—Will be published immediately, *Some Insignificant Towns*. By the Author of *Some Famous Hamlets*.



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: No. 27. ONE OF OUR HEREDITARY LEGISLATORS TAKES HIS SEAT.

# SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

## THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, November 10. — Met JIMMY LOWTHER making for House to-day. Face radiant with pleasure.

"What's the matter, JAMES?" I asked; "won something handsome at Shrewsbury?"

"No," said Truthful JAMES, "but have won something still handsomer on another course. Remember when GLADSTONE went to Lancashire after being turned out of Oxford and told the people he was 'unmuzzled?' Well, I'm unmuzzled. On Friday Grand CROSS made snivelling speech about settlement of Franchise question. SALISBURY's given me leave to go and pitch over CROSS and wire into the Bill generally. After South Warwickshire SALISBURY and I will have our own way. No more snivelling with CROSS, or playing fast and loose with RANDOLPH. We mean to fight now, and nothing shall turn us aside. Come and see the fun."

"Certainly. But a word in thine ear JAMES, if thou wilt but bend it low. Remember Southwark, and CLARKE's triumphant election? That ruined your party in 1880. Mind SAMPEON LLOYD and South Warwickshire don't bring even more irretrievable trouble upon you in 1884."

"Oh, that be blowed!" said JAMES, Truthful to the last. "Come along!"

Went into House. JAMES had ten minutes of pure enjoyment. CROSS spared himself pain of being present, but heard it all through open grating from ventilation chamber below. Came in when JAMES had finished, trying to look unconcerned. But there was a tear in his eye, and at word of condolence broke down utterly.

"You're very kind, TOBY, but don't say anything about it. They put me up, and they knock me down. But I like it. Exercise, though apparently unpleasant, is invigorating. Still, sometimes feel it. DIZZY, though it is true he always 'forgot to call me Sir RICHARD,' was not so hard a taskmaster as SALISBURY and RANDOLPH combined."

Fight being decided on in House of Lords, no use in hanging round in Commons, so Bill run through Committee, and Members coming down after dinner at Ten o'clock, surprised to find House been up hour and half.

Business done.—Franchise Bill through Committee.

Tuesday.—Franchise Bill passed last stage in Commons, after narrow escape. Conservative Leaders decided not to take another division; majority of 140 for Second Reading enough to be going on with. Proud spirits of WARTON and Sir HENRY TYLER chafed under this degradation. Why this cowardly capitulation? The myrmi-

dious hordes of an odious Government might trample them down, but at least they would die with their faces to the foe.

When question put that Bill be read a Third Time, there was shout of "No!" from the few Conservatives present.

"I think the Ayes have it," said the SPEAKER ("doing what was expected of him").

All the recreant Conservatives, save two, sat silent. But WARTON and TYLER roared "No!"

"Agreed! agreed!" cried the recreants, terrified at the prospect of a division.

"The 'Noes' have it!" shouted the dauntless Two.

Things began to look serious. ROWLAND WINN hurriedly brought in. ROWLAND had a bad time of it last few days. Would willingly at any time have changed places with OLIVER. The wily Irish led him to believe they would vote with Conservatives on Second Reading. Up to last moment he counted on their aid, and was thrown over. Now here were two of his own men going wrong. WARTON he shut up with a frown. But TYLER had broken loose, and could not be reined in. All the blood of his famous ancestor, WAR, foamed through his veins.

"The Noes have it!" he bellowed.

The SPEAKER began to make preparations for clearing the House for division. ROWLAND WINN, with remarkable agility, ran up Gangway and took TYLER in rear. His language, perhaps, not Parliamentary, but effectual. TYLER became mute, and Franchise Bill read Third Time.

As to compromise, all the fat in the fire. Truthful JAMES is master of the situation. JOHN MANNERS, being duly wound up, went off in series of spasmodic jokes, and antique aphorisms, which all mean fighting. GOSCHEN appeared in favourite character of peacemaker. Conservatives would not have him, at any price.

"Why you know," he said plaintively, when they howled at him, "sometimes I lecture the other side."

No use. Wouldn't hear him. So he sat down, marvelling.

"Rather hard on GOSCHEN," HARCOURT said, trying to repress smile of sorrow. "Been so long accustomed to get up at critical moments, pose as the one wise man of judicial mind, qualified to arbitrate between parties, reprove faction, and sustain merit. This must be a little disappointing for him."

Business done.—Franchise Bill read Third Time.

Wednesday.—One of the most useful days in the Session, also most conducive to reputation of House. No long speeches, no calling of names, no insinuations against adversaries political or personal, no one suspended, no one even called to order.

Fact is, House didn't sit.

Thursday.—Dreadfully dull night. At opening Mr. TOOTS, getting another half-holiday from the too-yielding Dr. BLIMBER, presented

himself and made few incoherent observations. But House begins to think a little of Toots goes a long way. Not so interesting as when he was fresher.

"Not quite fair this of Birkenhead," said CAINE, with gigantic yawn. "Believe it's got a Parliamentary Debating Society. Why doesn't it have Toots down there now and then, and relieve us to that extent? If Birkenhead saw a little more of Toots, we should presently see a great deal less."

Vote for Relief Expedition on, also for new little war in Bechuana-land. Great opportunity for GEORGE CAMPBELL, ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, GREGORY, WARTON, and TOMLINSON. STANLEY LEIGHTON also up, which is a kind thing to do when Mr. Toots has been on his legs. Always raises question as to which of these eminent men is more remarkable for clearness of view, and coherency of speech.

Seven hours of this kind of thing goes a long way towards killing a dog, however seasoned. Fancy I must have looked bad, as CAMERON came over to where I was huddled up in corner, under the Gallery, and wanted to prescribe for me.

"After night like this, Tony," says he, "you should seek an antidote. Go into lively company, or pick up entertaining work, and



The House in Committee of Supply. Sending Round the Hat.

forget yourself in its pages. Seen my last pamphlet, *How to Meet the Microbe*, price one shilling?"

"No," I said, wearily. "Don't want to meet the Microbe."

CAMERON—well-meaning fellow—a little hurt. But who could help being querulous on night like this? There's Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL up again. Think, after all, I'll go to meet the Microbe. Don't know what it is, but I've tried this. (By the way not bad notion for an "At Home" card or invitation to dinner, "To meet the Microbe.")

Business done.—All Votes in Supply passed.

Friday.—House of Lords not sitting to-night. Several nights last week didn't sit, and still the world goes round. Mentioned this remarkable fact to CHAMBERLAIN.

"Yes," said he, "we are just trying the experiment. Get GRAVILL to move Adjournment over two or three days. He does it quite unsuspectingly. As for Lords, cheerful as schoolboys at getting a holiday. But no use hiding from you that all this arranged in the Caucus, where we settle so much else. It was SCHNADHORST's notion. 'Let us,' says he, 'gradually accustom public mind to only one Legislative Chamber sitting, and we'll soon pave way to total abolition of Lords.' I suppose CHAPLIN, or ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, or MACIVER, will be discovering our scheme soon. Meantime, mischief done."

More in SCHNADHORST than meets the eye.

Business done.—Commons passed Resolution for legislation on behalf of Skye Crofters.

#### Humorous and Costumerous.

THERE has been a good deal of correspondence on the reform of Ladies' dress in the *Pall Mall Gazette* lately, and we read with surprise in an article on "Autumn and Winter Fashions," in the aforesaid journal, the following startling intelligence:—

"The evening dresses for young Ladies are short, and mostly made of a combination of plush and brocade silk or satin, and lace."

This information too, we imagine, be equally astounding both to the old-fashioned petticoaterie and the new-fangled divided skirtists. We wonder what next?

#### COUNTING THEIR CHICKENS.

SCENE—A Secret Council-chamber in the neighbourhood of Arlington Street. Conservative Leaders assembled.

Lord S-l-ab-ry. Yes, there's no doubt about it, the country is with us to a man. If you'd seen the enthusiasm on the railway platform at Glasgow, STAFFY, you'd never have forgotten it. Had my coat pulled off my back, and—

Enter a Messenger, with news of the Scarborough Election. Lord S-l-ab-ry with difficulty conceals his emotion, and goes on—

And, as I was saying, perhaps, as the country is so entirely with us, you know, it would be only kind to our opponents to—  
compromise the affair!

Sir St-f-rd N-r-the-ta (cheering up). Decidedly.

Duke of R. and G. After this Scarborough disaster, there's no other course open to us.

Another Messenger enters, with news of the South Warwickshire Election.

Lord S-l-ab-ry (waving paper wildly in air). Eleven hundred majority! Hurrah! Down with GLADSTONE! We must force him to dissolve, at all costs. The farmers are our friends; bad seasons make good Tories. My advice is, reject the Bill over and over again!

Lord R-nd-lph Ch-rch-ll. Right you are! "I was ever a fighter, so one fight more. The best and the last!"—as BROWNING writes. I say, am I to be Home Secretary, or what? And keep a place for poor old WOLFF, will you? He'd do uncommonly well as Under-Secretary for the Colonies, or something of that sort.

Sir St-f-rd N-r-the-ta. I suppose CHAPLIN will do if we make a Minister of Agriculture. LOWTHER is just cut out for a judicious Foreign Secretary, and ECROYD is a born President of the Board of Trade. There you are! And you'd like GORST to be Attorney?

Lord R-nd-lph Ch-rch-ll. Never! GORST is a craven. Presumed to counsel a compromise without consulting me! Obligated, with tears in my eyes, to chuck him overboard.

Earl C-rns. Well, ta-ta! Last time I sat on the Woolsack, I found it a trifle hard. Just going to order it to be restuffed.

Lord R-nd-lph Ch-rch-ll. I'm off to call at Home Office, and choose my private rooms. Ta-ta! all of you. Will meet again in Downing Street! [Exeunt omnes.]

#### SKEGGISM IN SKYE.

To the simple unofficial mind it would seem that the case of the "crofters and cottars in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland" is about ripe for settlement. But as Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs observed, "there is a form in these things,—there is a form." To examine an alleged grievance carefully, and deal with it equitably and promptly, may commend itself to the ordinary, but not to the official or Skeggian judgment. The "form" must be observed. And what is the "form"? Well, it is usually so complex and prolix as to be difficult of full analysis. But given a grievance—like that of the Irish tenants any time within the last century, or the Scotch Crofters now—there are heaps of things to be done before it can be righted.

In the first place it must be ignored altogether until its assertion becomes too palpable to overlook. Then it must be pooh-poohed. When it enlists public sympathy as well as attracts public notice, it must be "inquired into,"—by the long-drawn process of a Commission, for choice. Whilst the Commission is sitting—or standing, or travelling, or whatever it chooses to do—things of course must be kept in abeyance, inopportune inquiry snubbed, friendly urgency denounced, protest protested against, any impatient action on the part of the sufferers sharply put down, in the interest of "law and order." The Commission takes its time—all Commissions do. Ultimately, however, it issues its "Report." And there matters stop, until the sufferers, or their advocates, make another stir. If that stir is mild, it is not noticed; if it is vigorous, it is denounced as violent; if it is violent, the Law is down upon it, unless—well, unless it is very, very violent, largely and formidably so, and then the fire begins to burn the stick, the stick begins to beat the dog, the dog to bite the pig, the pig to get over the stile, and the Old Woman gets home, or, in other words, the grievance gets redressed. This—very briefly summarised indeed—is the official Skeggian "form." It is open to some objection, such as waste of time, prolongation of suffering, provocation of crime, engendering of hatred, killing of gratitude in the bud, and final compulsory pushing off reform till it savours of revolution, redress until it shows like surrender.

Without prejudging the case of these poor Crofters, is it too much to hope that, in dealing with it, the Skeggian "form," of which we have already had so many disastrous and expensive examples, will not be adopted?

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"SIR,—We hear that several elephants will form part of the procession on the 10th proximo, and although you perhaps may consider the inquiry novel, we venture to think it worthy of consideration. It is to know whether your Committee is disposed to entertain an offer of £500 to paint all the elephants white, with 'Pears' Soap' in red letters on their sides. Your reply in the course of the day will much oblige. Faithfully yours,

**"A. and F. PEARS,**

**"38, Great Russell Street, Oct. 17, 1884."**



**THE REAL SECRET OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT  
—PEARS' SOAP.** *Matchless for the Complexion.*